GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE.

Being the Memoirs of Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac

A ROMANCE

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN, Anthor of " The House of the Wolf," &c.

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CHAPTER L-THE SPORT OF FOOLS.

The death of the Prince of Condé, which cocurred in the spring of 1588, by depriving me of my only patron reduced me to such straits that the winter of that year, which saw the King of Navarre come to spend his Christmas at St. Jean d'Angely, saw the lowest depth of my fortunes. I did not know at this time-I de turn for a gold crown or a new scabbard, and neither had nor discerned any hope of employment. The peace, lately patched up at Blois between the King of France and the League, persuaded many of the Huguenots that their final ruin was at hand; it could not fill their exhausted treasury, or enable them to put fresh troops into the field.

The death of this Prince had left the King of Navarre without a rival in the affections of the Huguenots, the Viscount of Turenne, whose tubulent ambition already began to make itself felt, and M. de Chatillon ranking next to him. It was my ill fortune, however, to be equally unknown to all these leaders, and as month of December which saw me thus miserably straitened saw me also reach the age of 40, which I regard, differing in that from many, as the grand climacterio of a man's life, it will be believed that I had need of all the courage which religion and a cam-

paigner's life could supply.

I had been compelled some time before to sell all my horses, except the black Sardinian with the white spot on the forehead; and I now found myself obliged to part also with my valet de chambre and groom, whom I dismissed on the same day, paying them their wages with the last links of gold chain left to me. It was not without grief and dismay that I saw myself thus stripped of the appurtenances of a man of birth, and driven to groom my own horse under cover of night. But this was not the worst. My dress, which suffered somewhat from this menial employment. began in no leng time to bear witness to my change of circumstances; so that on the day of the King of Navarre's entrance into St. Sean I dared not face the crowd, always quick

to remark the poverty of those above them. but was fain to keep within doors and wear out my patience in the garret of the cutler's

house in the Rue de la Coutellerie, which was all the lodging I could now afford. Pardleu, 'tis a strange world! Strange the then, and strange the now! My reflections on that day, I remember, were most melancholy. Look at it how I would. I could not but see that my life's spring was over. The crows' feet were gathering about my eyes, and my mustachies, which seemed with each day of ill fortune to stand out more flercely in proportion as my face grew leaner, were already gray. I was out at elbows, with empty pockets, and a sword which peered through the sheath. The meanest ruffler, who with broken feather and tarnished lace swaggered at the heels of Turenne, was scarcely to be distinguished from me. I had still it is true, a rock and a few barren acres in Brittany, the last remains of the family property; but the small sums which the farmers could afford to pay were

being minded to die a gentleman, even if I could not live in that estate. Small as were my expectations of success. since I had no one at the King's side to push my business, nor any friend at court, I never-theless did all I could. I drew up a petition. and, lying in wait one day for M. Forget, the King of Navarre's secretary, placed it in his hand, begging him to lay it before that Prince. He promised to do so, politely and with as much lip-civility as I had a right to expect. But the careless manner in which he doubled up the paper on which I had spent so much labor and thrust it into his pouch, no less than

the covert sneer of his valet, who ran after me

to get the customary present-and ran, as I still

sent annually to Paris to my mother, who had

no other dower. And this I would not touch.

frain from hope.

In this, however, having little save hope left. I failed so signally as to spend the next day and the day after in a fever of alternate confidence and despair, the cold fit following the hot with perfect regularity. At length, on the morning of the third day—I remember it lacked but three of Christmas—I heard a step on the stairs. My landlord living in the shop and the two intervening floors being empty. had no doubt the message was for me, and glance at the messenger confirming me in my hopes as well as in all that I had ever heard of the generosity of the King of Navarra. a saucy fellow, who had a day or two before 'Old Clothes!" after me in the street. I was very far from resenting this now, however, nor did he appear to recall it, so that I drew the happiest augury, as to the contents of the note he bore, from the politeness with which he presented it to me.

I would not, however, run the risk of a mistake, and asked him directly and with formality if it was for me. He answered with the utmost respect that

it was for the Sieur de Marsac, and for me if

There is an answer, perhaps?" I said, seeing that he lingered.
"The King of Navarre, sir, will receive your

answer in person. I believe." he replied, with a low bow. And with that, replacing the can which he had doffed out of respect for me, he turned and went down the stairs.

Returning to my room and locking the door. I hastily opened the missive, which was sealed with a large seal, and found its contents to exceed all my expectations. The King of Navarre desired me to wait on him at noon on the following day, and the letter concluded with such expressions of kindness and good will as left me in no doubt of the Prince's intentions. I read it, I confess, with emotions become a younger man, and cheerfully sat such improvements in my dress as seemed possible. I concluded with a thankful heart that I had now escaped from poverty-at any rate from such poverty as is disgraceful to a gentleman—and consoled myself for the meanness of the appearance I must make at court

mend both habit and fortune. Accordingly it was with a stout heart that I left my lodgings a few minutes before noon next morning and walked toward the castle. It was some time since I had made so public an appearance in the streets, which the visit of the King of Navarre's court had filled with an unusual crowd, and I could not help fancying as I passed that some of the loiterers eyed me with a covert smile, and indeed I was shabby enough. But finding that a frown more than sufficed to restore the gravity of these gentry. I set down the appearance to my own self-consciousness, and, stroking my mustachios, strode along bravely until I saw before me and coming to meet me the same

He stopped in front of me with an air of imand, making me a low bow, whereat I saw the bystanders stare, for he was as gay he begged me to hasten, as the King awaited

'He has asked for you twice, sir," he continued, importantly, the feather of his cap al-

most sweeping the ground. 'I think." I answered, quickening my steps. that the King's letter says noon, young sir.

If I am late on such an occasion he has in-

deed cause to complain of me."
"Tut, tut!" he rejoined, waving his hand
with a dandified sir. "It is no matter. One may steal a horse when another may not look

may steal a horse when another may not look over the wall, you know."

A man may be gray-haired, he may be sad-complexioned, and yet retain some of the freshness of youth. On receiving this indication of a favor exceeding all expectation. I remember that I felt the blood rise to my face and experienced in my heart the most lively gratitude. I wondered who had spoken in my heart! who had befriended me; and concludbehalf, who had befriended me; and conclud-ing at last that my part in the affair at Brouage had come to the King's ears, though I could not conceive through whom, I passed through the castle gates with an air of confidence and elation, which was not unnatural, I think, under the circumstances. Thence, following my guide. I mounted the rampart and

entered the courtyard.

A number of grooms and valets were lounging here, some leading horses to and fro. and others exchanging jokes with the wenches who leaned from the windows, while their fel-lows again stamped up and down to keep their feet warm, or played ball against the wall in imitation of their masters. Such knaves are ever more insolent than their betters, but they made way for me with respect, and, with rising spirits, yet a little irony. I reminded myself, as I mounted the stairs, of the words, whom the King delighteth to honor!"

Reaching the head of the flight, where was a soldier on guard, the page opened the door of the ante-chamber, and, standing aside, bade

guard there, a sudden, swift silence fell upon the room behind ma.

I pushed the door gently open and went in. There were two men sitting in one of the windows, who turned and looked angrily toward me, and for the rest the room was empty. The King's walking shoes lay by his chair, and beside them the toetinek. A dog before the first got up slowly and growled, and one of the men, rising from the trunk on which he was sitting, came toward me, and asked me, with every sign of irritation, what I wanted there, and who had given me leave to enter.

I was explaining with some diffidence, the stillness of the room sobering me, that I wished to see the King, when he who had advanced tooke me up sharply with. The King? The king? He is not here, man. He is hunting at it, valery. Did they not tell you so outside? I thought I recognized the speaker, than whom I have seldom seen a man more grave and thoughtful of aspect—for his years, which were something less than mine—more striking in presence, or more soberly dressed. Being in presence, or more soberly dressed. Being desirous to evade his question. I asked him if I had not the honor to address M. de Piessia Mornay. For that wise and courtly statesman, twin pillar of Henry's Council, it was.

"The same, sir," he replied abruptly, and without taking his eyes from me. "I am Mornay. What of that?"

I am M. de Marsac," I explained. And there I stopped, supposing that, as he was in the King's confidence, this would make my errand clear to him.

But I was disappointed. "Well, sir?" he said, and waited impatiently.

So cold a reception following such treatment as I had suffered outside, would have sufficed to dash my spirits utterly, had I not felt the King's letter in my pocket. Being pretty confident, however, that a single glance at this would alier M. de Mornay's bearing for the better. I haatened, looking on it as a kind of tallsman, to draw it out and present it to him. He took it, and looked at it, and opened it, but with so cold and immovable an aspect as made my heart si



me enter. I did so and heard the door close behind me.

For a moment 1 stood still, bashful and confused. It seemed to me that there were a hundred people in the room, and that half the eyes which met mine were women's. Though I was not altogether a stranger to such state as the Prince of Condé had maintained, this crowded antercom filled me with surprise, and even with a degree of awe, of which I was the next moment ashamed. The flutter of silk and gleam of jewels surpassed anything I had then seen. for my fortunes had never led me to court; but an instant's reflection reminded me that my fathers had held their own in such scenes, and, with a bow regulated rather by this thought than by the shabbiness of my dress. I advanced amid a sudden silence.

"M. de Marsac!" the page announced in a tone which sounded a little odd in my ears, so that I turned quickly to look at him. He was gone, however, and when I turned again the eyes which met mine were full of smiles. A woung girl who stood near me tittered, and, put out of countenance by this. I looked round in embarrassment to find some one to whom I might apply.

The room was long and narrow, panelled with wood, with four windows on the one hand, and two fireplaces, now heaped with glowing logs, on the other. Between the fireplaces stood a rack of arms. Round the nearer hearth lounged half a dozen pages, the counterparts of the young blade who had brought me hither, and talking with these were as many young gentlewomen. Two hounds lay bask-ing close at hand, and colled between them. with her head on the back of the larger, was a figure so strange that at another time I should have doubted my eyes. It wore the fool's motley and cap and bells, but a second glance showed me it was a woman's figure. A tor-rent of black hair flowed loose about her neck, her eyes shone with wild merriment. and her face, keen, thin, and hectic, glared at me from the dog's back. Beyond her, round the further fireplace, clustered half a score of gallants and ladies, of whom one presently advanced to me. "Sir," he said, politely, and

wished I could match his bow. "you wished The King of Navarre," I answered, doing

my best.

in a peculiarly even, placid tone: "He wishes to see the King of Navarre." Then in solemn silence he bowed to me again and went back

He turned to the group behind him and said

He turned to the group behind him and said in a peculiarly even, placid tone: "He wishes to see the King of Navarre." Then in solemn silence he bowed to me again and went back to his fellows.

Upon the instant, before, indeed, I could make up my mind how to take this, a second tripped forward, and, saluting me, said: "M. de Marsac, I think?", "I rejoined, and, cager to oscape the gaze of all those eyes and the tittering which was audible behind me, I took a step forward to be inreadiness to follow him. "M. de Marsac to see the king of Navarre." he repeated, suavely, turning as the other had dono to those behind. And with that he, too, wheeled round and went back to the fire.

I stared, a first suspicion of the truth aroused in my mind. But before I could act upon it, for it was no easy task to decide how to act, a third advanced with the same measured steps. "By appointment. I think, sir?" he said, bowing lower than the others.

'I see." I replied, sharply, beginning to grow warm. "by appointment at noon."

'M. de Marsac to see the King of Navarre by appointment at noon." he announced in a sing song tone to those behind him. And with a second bow, while I grew scarlet with mortification, he, too, wheeled gravely round, and returned to the fireplace.

I saw another preparing to advance, but he was slopped. Whether my face of anger and bewilderment was too much for them, or some among them lacked patience to see the end. a shout of laughter, in which all the room joined, out short the farce. I winced; I looked this way and that. It seemed to me that the place rang with gibes: that every panel framed, however I turned myself, a cruel, ansering face. One shaind me cried "Old Clothes!" and when I turned, the other hearth whispered the taun. It added a thousandfold to my embarrassment that there was in all a certain orderliness, so that while neone moved, and none, while I looked at them, raised their volces, I seemed the more singled out, and placed as a but in the milst.

One face amid the prramid of countenances,

which fell on a Sunday, a trial almost beyond sufferance. All day long the rattle of hoofs on the pavement and the laughter of riders pent on diversion came up to me, making the hard stool seem harder, the bars walls more bare, and increasing a hundred fold the solitary gloom in which I sat. For, as sunshine deepens the shadows which fall athwart it, and no silence is like that which follows the explosion of a mine, so sadness and poverty are never



THE KING OF NAVABRE!

more intolerable than when hope and wealth rub elbows with them.

Even the great sermon which M. d'Amours preached in the Market House on the morning of Christmas Day had little effect save on the more sober spirits. I was present myself, sitting in an obscure corner of the building, and heard the famous prediction which was so soon to be fulfilled. "Sire" said the preacher, turning to the King of Navarre, and referring with the boldness which ever characterized that great man and noble thristain to the attempt then being made to exclude the Prince from the succession. "Sire, what tood at your birth gave you, man cannot take away! Nay, a little while, a little patience, and you will cause us to preach beyond the Loire with you for our Joshua we shall cross the Jorian, and in the Promised Land the Church shall be set up." e set up!" It may be imagined that words so brave and

The the content of th

FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lius of Irish Story Tellers.

Convertable 1893, by Jeremiah Ouction

Last week an old woman leaning on a staff and a blind man walked the way to me."
After some talk and delay they agreed to tell what they knew about fairies, ghosts, and buried treasures. I liad heard of them before, and tried to secure their services. The old woman speaks haglish only when forced to it, and then very badir. The man has suffered peculiarly from the fairies. They have laimed the poor fellow, taken his eyesight, and have barely left the life in him. I shall have occasion to refer to the man later on. The woman told me three stories; one of them was an incident in her own experience, the other two concerned her husband's relatives.

The first story has nothing supernatural in it, though some of the actors were convinced firmly for a time that it had.

I may say that the woman, whose name is Maggie boyle, was unwilling to tell tales in the daytime. It was only after some persuasion and an extra reward that she was induced to begin, as follows.]

Long ago, when I was a tine, strong girl, not the like of what I am this day, I went down the country with a bag of sea moss to sell. I was in company with a girl from the next vilinge, and she was carrying another bag. Coming evening, the other girl found lodgings for the night with a friend, and I walked on the road for myself. I wasn't long walking, when I met a woman, and she took me home with her. It was milking time when we came. The woman, whose name was Peggy Driscoll, but cream into the churn, and told me to churn while herself would be milking.

I churned away while she was with the cows. and when the milking was over, she helped me, and the two of us were churning till the butter came. She never asked me to take a bite or a sup, not even a drink of buttermilk. I had food of my own with me, and made a supper of that. After supper she said: "There is a dead man above in the room: come with me." "Oh, God save us !" said I, "how is that, and who is it?" "My own husband, John Driscoll, and he's dead these three hours."

God knows, then," thought I to myself, "tis easy enough you are taking his death."
She brought warm water and we went up, he two of us: we prepared the body of John Driscoli, dressed it, and laid it out, and put beads in the hands of the dead man, who was stiff and cold.

"I must go out now for a little start," said Peggy Driscoll; "sure you'll not be in dread of the corpse while I go to tell some of the neighbors that John is dead?" I was that in dread that it falled me to

speak to her. The next minute she was gone and the door closed behind her. I was left alone with the corpse. I stopped there a while and then went to the kitchen, sat there a quarter of an hour, then went back to the dead man.

About midnight the woman of the house walked in, and with her a neighboring young farmer. She made tea in the kitchen, and the two were eating and drinking for themselves with great pleasure, laughing and joking. They were talking English. I hadn't but two or three words of English at that time, and John Briscoll not a word at all, but after a while the young farmer laughed, and, forgetting himself, said in Irish:

"It's a happy woman you are this night, Poggy, and the old man above on the table."

With that the corpse jumped down, tumbling candles and everything before him. He caught at pike that was in the corner, and dewn to the kitchen with him. Peggy Driscoll and the young farmer began to screech in the way you'd think the life would leave the two of them, but by my word they hadn't long to screech in the kitchen, for the pike was coming at them. Out with the two through the back door and John Driscoll at their hoels. I took my bag and away with me through the front door. I was running for hours and hurrying on. I didn't know where I was going till at last I met a man and asked what was the next town, and he said killarney. I went on till I came to Killarney, and sold my bag of sea moss to the first buyer and sold my bag of sea ones to the first buyer and took the road home for myself.

"Did you go to Killarney with moss the second time?" asked I.

"I did indeed," said she. "I want the next and then went to the kitchen, sat there a quarter of an hour, then went back to the

for myself.

"Did you go to Killarney with moss the second time?" asked L.

"I did indeed." said she. "I went the next week, and I met a woman on the road, a cousin of John Driscolls."

"You told me." said I. "that you and Peggy Driscoll indout John on the table; that he was stiff and cold, a real corpse. How, then, could he rise up and run with a pike at his wife and the young farmer?"

young farmer?"
It was that that frightened me," said Mrs.
Dayle; but this woman told me everything.
John Driscoll had a twin brother Daniel, and
the two were so much alike that no man could
tell one from the other.

tell one from the other.

"Peggy, John's wife, was from a distant parish, and she didn't know that Daniel was In the world at all. She was married to John only six months. The day that I was passing Peggy was away with a sick woman, a neighbor, from the morning till the middle of the atternoon. While she was gone Daniel came to see his by the from the first time since his marriage. He wasn't two hours in the keys. While she was gone Daniel came to see his bodher for the first time since his marriage. He wasn't two hours in the house when he died in one minute, as if something pricked his heart. It was then that John planned to make a trial of Peggy. So he put his own clothes on Daniel, and laid the corpse on the bed n'sove in the room and hid under the bed himself.

"Peggy put Daniel on the table, thinking that it was her own husband she was laying out. While Peggy was gone for the young farmer, and I was in the kitchen. John put the corpse on the bed and went on the table himself. You have the whole story now."

"I suppose you can tell me a story now with a real ghost in it," remarked I.

"Indeed, then, I can," said the old woman, "and a true story, too. I didn't know John Doyle myself nor his son, for they lived across the mountains from us, and John Doyle died a few months after my marriage, but my husband told me all about John and his son, and my husband was a man who wouldn't tell a lie. God rest his soul."

Doyle, the other two were boys killed by the same ghost months before.

The young fellow was not frightened; he spoke up and asked:

"Is this where you are. Pat Doyle? Sure I thought you were dead and buried."

I'am dead in this world." said Pat. "but I'm not dead in the next. I was killed by a mad ghost, and do you go now and tell the priest from me that it was the ghost that killed me. The priest was gone when I came out of the house. He might have saved me as he saved himself and the clerk, but he left me to the ghost."

The boy went to the priest and told him everything, and the priest believed him.

My husband knew old John Doyle and Pat Doyle before he was killed, and Tim who carried Pat home. They were all blood relations of his.

"Parhans Pat Doyle could have saved him-

of his.

"Perhaps Pat Doyle could have saved himself with a steel knife or a sword," said I.

"Oh, he could," answered the old woman;
"my husband's cousin did the like one time. I
will tell you how it was."

Some time after Pat Dovie was killed by the ghost, my husband, Martin Doyle, was at work on an estate at some distance from Sneem. and one evening the gentleman who employed Martin told him to go that night on an errand

"Well," said he, "it's too late and the road is very lonesome. There is no one to care for my mother but me, and if anything should happen to me she'd be without support. I'll

go in the merning."
"That will not do," said the gentleman: "I want to send a letter, and it must be delivered

Till not risk it: I'll not go." said Martin.

Martin had a cousin James, who heard the conversation, and, stepping up, he said." Till go. I am not afraid of ghost or splitt and man a night have I spent on that roam and the said: "Hore gene man or back of you need it." He gave James the letter with directions for delivering it.

James started off, and took every short cut and bypath, and when he thought he was half way to Sneem a ghost stood before him in the road, and began to make a him. Whenever the ghost came near, James marle a drive at him with the steel sword, for there is great virtue in steel, and above all in steel made by an irish blacksmith. The ghost was darting at James, and he driving at the ghost with his sword till he came to a crossread near Sneem. There the ghost disappeared, and James hurried on with great speed to Sneem. There he found that the gentleman who was to receive the letter had moved to a place six miles away, near Blackwater bridge, half way between Sneem and Kenmare. The place has a very bad name to this day, and old people declare that there is no night without sairits and headless people being around Blackwater bridge, half way between Sneem and Kenmare. The place has a very bad name to this day, and old people declare that there is no night without sairits and headless people being around Blackwater bridge. James knew what the place was, but he made up his mile the different he dere the first one. He ran twicked him. This ghost had a venomous look and was stronger than the first one. He ran twicked him. This ghost had a venomous look and was stronger than the first one. He ran twice at James, who struck at him with the sword. Just then he saw a big man without a head running across the road at the other side of the bridge and up the cliff, though there was no path there. The ghost stopped attacking and ran after the headless man.

"Use of the bridge and walked a little further when he made a place and headless man."

"Do you know what time it is?" asked James where he lived an

not lucky, to do so during daylight.

The next two tales were told by the blind man whom I have mentioned in connection with fairy tales published in March and April. It is not out of place to refer here to a certain popular error. It is supposed by many persons that women are the chief depositories of tales tonching faries and other extra-human characters, but they are not. It is a rare thing to find a woman in possession of wonderful tales of the best quality. During researches extending over a number of years, I have found among Indians in the United States only one woman who could be classed among the very best of tale tellers. In Ireland I have found few women who can tell tales at all, and none who can compare with the best men. I believe this is so in all countries.

The two following stories testify to a perfect communication at times between this world and another.]

There was a girl in Cloghane whose name

were destroyed in the fire. A great many suspected Tim Sheehy. What they said was that Tim owed Fitzgerald a spite, and sure who else would be burning the cow house? Fitzgerald was only too willing to take up the story and spread it.

There was a woman in the village by the name of Kate Pendy, and who had her own opinion, and she gave it.

Wisha, then, a ghrauhil." said she, "Tim Sheehy is as clear of that as God Himself, There is no fear that that poor, honest man burned the cowhouse."

This was Saturday and Tim Sheehy was in Tralee on some business that he had and he didn't come home till the following morning. When he was nearing the chapel and mass just over crowds were around, and he heard a man say. "There goes Tim Sheehy, who burned Fitzgerald's cowhouse, and ran away. I wonder what's bringing him back?"

"Sure, 'tisthe finger of God," said a second man. "The Lord wouldn't let another be punished in place of him."

Sheehy hung his head and was cut to the heart at these words. He went home, and whether it was from grief or sickness that he died, 'twas unknown, but he died that very day. When he was washed and ready to he laid on the table the wife sent to a neighboring woman, a cousin of Fitzgerald, for the loan of sheets to hang over the table and the cornse. The woman refused to loan the sheets. "I'll not give them," said she, "the divil mend Sheehy, he ruined my poor cousin."

The boy went home without the sheets, and Mrs. Sheehy found them at another house. A deal of people met at the wake house; they sat down and began to smoke and tell stories, as people do always at wakes. What was their surprise at midnight when Tim Sheehy said upon the table and began to speak to them.

"Friends and neighbors," said he, "ye need in the indread of me, I'll not harm any person here present. It wasn't I that burned the cowhouse, the indread of me, I'll not harm any person here present. It wasn't I that burned the cowhouse. The man who did that is beyond the mountain at this time. People broke my heart killed me with

[Apropos of the following tale I may say:
The intermarriage with and descent of men
from beings not human touches upon one of
the most interesting and important points in
primitive belief. Totemism among savages
races in our day and descent from the gods in
antiquity are the best examples of this belief;
derived from it, in all probability, but remotely, are family escutcheons with their animals and birds and the emblematic beasts
and birds of nations, such as the Roman eagle,
the British lion, the American eagle, the Russian bear. The Roman eagle and the wolf
which suckled Romalus may have been totems,
if not for the Romans at least for some earlier
people. The lion, eagle, and bear of England,
America, and Russin are of course not totems,
though adopted in imitation of people who, if
they had not totems, had as national emblemabirds or heasts that at some previous period
were real totems for some social body.

There is a tale in Scotland concerning people
of the clan MacCodrum, who were seals in the
daytime, but men and women at night. No
man of the MacCodrums, it is said, would kill
a seal. The MacCodrums are mentioned in
Gaelic as "Clann Mhic Codrums man ron" 'Clan
MacCodrum of the seals.)

In the village of Klishanig, two miles north

In the village of Kilshanig, two miles north east of Castlegregory, there lived at one time a fine, brave young man named Tom Moore, a good dancer and singer. 'Tis often he was

heard singing among the cliffs and in the fields of a night. Tom's father and mother died and he was alone in the house and in need of a wife. One morning early, when he was at work near the strand, he saw the finest woman ever seen in that part of the kingdom, sitting on a rock. fast asleep. The tide was gone from the rocks

fast asleep. The tide was gone from the rocks then, and Tom was curious to know who she was or what brought her, so he walked toward the rock.

"Wake up!" cried Tom to the woman; "if the tole comes 'twill drown you."

She raised her head and only laughed. Tom left her there, but as he was going he turned every minute to look at the woman. When he came back he caught the spade, but couldn't work; he had to look at the beautiful woman on the rock. At last the tide swept over the rock. He threw the spade down and away to the strand with him, but she slipped into the sea and he saw no more of her that time.

Tom spent the day cursing himself for not taking the woman from the rock when it was God that sent her to him. He couldn't work out the day. He went home.

Tom could not sleep a wink all that night. He was up early next morning and went to the rock. The woman was there. He called to her. No answer. He went up to the rock. "You may as well come home with me now," said Tom. Not a word from the woman. "Tom took the hood from her head and said: "Fill have this!"

The moment he did that she cried: "Give

The moment he did that she oried: "Give The moment he did that she cried: "Give back my hood, Tom Moore!"
"Indeed I will not, for 'twas God sent you to me, and now that you have speech I'm well satisfied! And taking her by the arm he led her to the house. The woman cooked breakfast and they sat down together to eath. "Now," said Tom. "In the name of God you and I'll go to the priest and got married, for the neighbors around here are very watchful, they'd be talking." So after breakfast they went to the priest, and Tom asked him to marry them.
"Where did you get the wife?" asked the priest.